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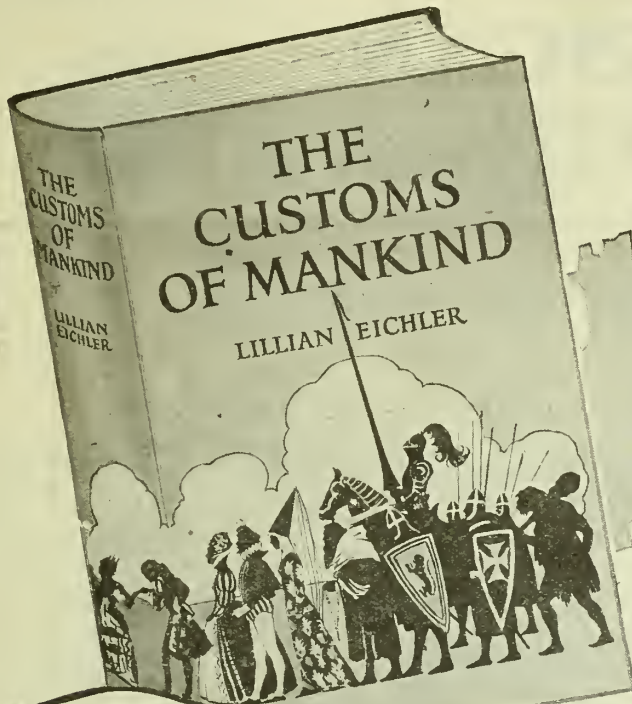
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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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The American Legion Weekly is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1924, by the Legion Publishing Corporation. Published weekly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter March 24, 1920, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Application for transfer of second class privilege from New York, N. Y., to Indianapolis, Ind., pending. Price \$2 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 31, 1921.

Men and Women of The American Legion

Women of the Auxiliary

Men of the Forty and Eight

Remember when the glories of Christmas seemed so far from your childish reach that you feared death would snatch you before Christmas could come?

One of your earliest memories, that, and coupled with it, gifts to you.

A little later gifts from you, and more than a glimmering of the meaning of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

We Americans cannot help feeling at peace with the world and thankful to God for His goodness when we count our blessings.

Citizens of a free country where every man is equal in opportunity under the law.

A country where the poor man's son today is President tomorrow.

A country where never in the history of the world were rewards so sure to every man willing to do his best. We are indeed fortunate.

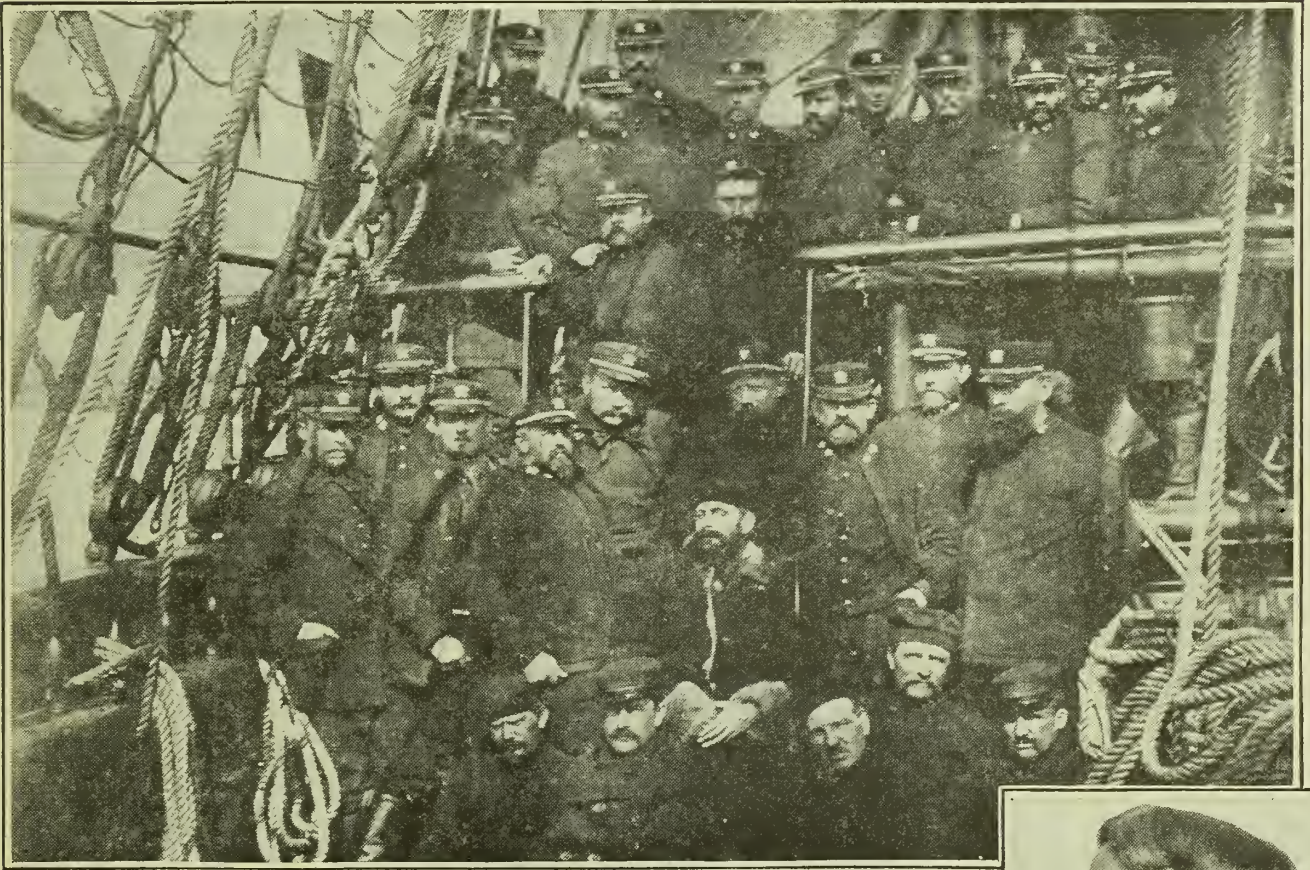
And we of the Legion—which to me always means the Auxiliary and the Forty and Eight as well—we of the Legion, I say, with the free field of unselfish endeavor and public service lying open before us; with the President of the United States head of the sponsors for our endowment fund for the disabled and the children; with our comradeship each day growing in depth and widening through increasing membership, yes, this should be a merry and thankful Christmas for us.

And that is what I wish for you, and with it hope that the year to come shall be your most unselfish and thus your best year.

A Chronicle of Arctic Heroism Which Includes the Story of

The Strangest Christmas a Soldier Ever Spent

By MARQUIS JAMES



This photograph of the six survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, originally twenty-five strong, was taken in the summer of 1884 about a month after their rescue following more than three years in the Arctic wastes during which they penetrated closer to the North Pole than ever human being had gone before. Seated in the center is Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely, leader of the expedition. In front of him, seated, from left to right, are Sergeant Long, Sergeant Brainard, Sergeant Biederbick, Cook Frederick, and Private Connell. Directly behind Cook Frederick is Commander W. S. Schley, U. S. N., leader of the rescue party, who became the admiral of Spanish War fame. Only two of the six men who survived the expedition are alive today. They are Lieutenant Greely, now a major general retired, and Sergeant Brainard, a brigadier general retired and a member of The American Legion. Inset is a portrait of General Brainard as he looks today



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IT WAS so cold that ninety-five proof Medford rum froze solid in the keg, and the kerosene had to be thawed out before they could light the extra lamps for Christmas dinner. Schneider's Greenland Eskimo puppy showed how little he knew about real cold weather by frisking outside to have a look at the garbage box into which Cook Frederick sometimes thoughtlessly discarded a bone. The pup froze in his tracks and had to be chopped loose with a hatchet. They warmed him up, though, and he got all right again, averting what might have been the first casualty in the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition.

Since the 21st of December the spirits of the party had been decidedly on the mend. On that day the sun reached

its most distant point from the earth and began to return. The Arctic night was half over.

The men had lived in darkness for more than three months. Isolation in the Arctic night has unpleasant consequences for white men. It brings on insomnia, lassitude and general depression. Dr. Kane, the early American explorer, says it takes animals the same way. He saw a rooster fly into the sea and drown itself from pure dejection. "Our faces," Lieutenant Greely put down in his diary at Lady Franklin Bay, "gradually

acquired a pale, yellowish green color which was disagreeable to the view."

But after the winter solstice preparations for the big event went forward with new zeal. This event was Christmas. At Fort Conger, Grinnell Land, twenty-three American soldiers were passing the yuletide amid surroundings unprecedented for cavalymen—mostly—who lately had been fighting Indians in Montana Territory. Twelve hundred miles of immaculate ice made a great white way between them and the nearest outguard of civilization. In the opposite direction it was only half that far to the North Pole.

FORT CONGER'S garrison was cozily situated nevertheless. The preceding August—1881—the steamer *Proteus*, after weeks of assailing the ice, had landed passengers and cargo on the shore of Lady Franklin Bay. There were three officers, a contract surgeon, as they called army medicos those days, nineteen enlisted men and two Eskimos picked up away down south in Greenland. First Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely, 5th Cavalry, commanded. Stores for two years were put ashore; also ready-cut lumber for a barrack, which was erected and encased in snow walls for additional protection against a temperature of sixty-five degrees below zero. This was Fort Conger.

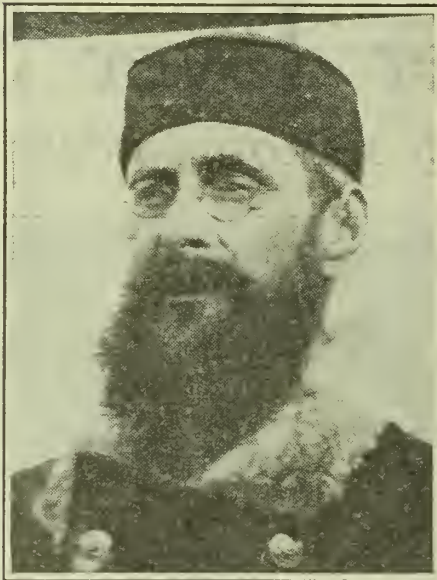
The holiday season really began on December 21st, which was a double-barelled occasion. It marked the turning point of the six months' night and it was Sergeant Brainard's twenty-fifth birthday. David L. Brainard already was one of the most popular as well as one of the most useful members of the party. According to custom Lieutenant Greely issued him a quart of rum on which to celebrate his birthday. According to custom Brainard split the quart twenty-one ways among his enlisted comrades and the Eskimos, all of whom drank his health.

When Lieutenant Greely inspected the enlisted men's end of the barracks on December 24th he found them tricked out for the grand event. Every lamp was lighted. The walls were aflame with flags and guidons, presenting, writes Greely, "a gay and lively appearance not unlike army quarters in the Far West on like occasions." The Christmas presents were arranged on the long mess table. There was no Christmas tree because they do not have any trees up there. Fuel for the stoves was plentifully supplied by a coal seam which stuck out of the ground nearby, the only flaw in the perfect pallor of the snowscape.

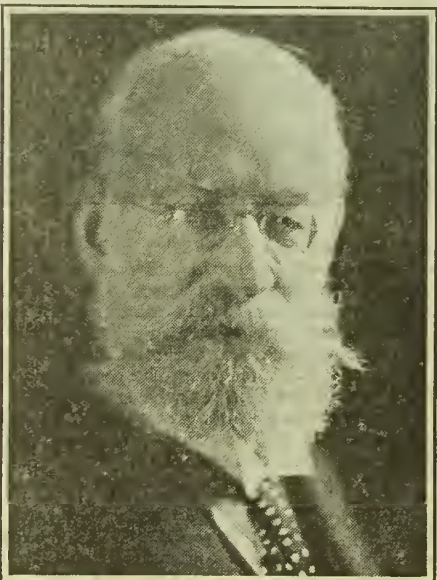
Christmas presents had been brought carefully wrapped from the States in anticipation of the celebration. Most of the men had remembrances from home, but many gifts were sent anonymously for general distribution. Sergeant Rice, the party's official photographer, a young lawyer of rare talent, who had enlisted especially for the expedition, acted as Santa Claus and did the job to perfection.

Rice would have made a good toast-master anywhere. The room resounded with appreciation of his sallies. Rice took particular pains to see that there was a good laugh at the expense of

each of the officers, one of these being when the commander undid a parcel and drew forth a fan. Laughter yielded to soberer emotions, however, when a homeless soldier who had expected nothing was handsomely remembered. "A number," records Greely, "who had lived lives marked by neglect and in-



These two pictures bridge an interval of forty years. The one at the top shows Lieutenant Greely as he looked immediately following the tardy rescue of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition survivors. After living for eight months on a few ounces of food daily and finally eating his shoes, Lieutenant Greely gained sixty pounds in the month following his rescue. The picture below portrays Major General Greely, U.S. A., retired, as he looked on his eightieth birthday last March



difference on the part of the world were touched to tears, though they strove to conceal it."

Rounds of fragrant egg-nog were passed out, and the group, officers and men, drew benches about a radiant stove and sang songs of home until midnight.

Next day—Christmas day of 1881—the men sat down to a dinner which had been for weeks in the making. There was mock turtle soup for a curtain raiser; then seven kinds of fish and meat; potatoes, asparagus, corn, peas, jelly cake and plum pudding; several kinds of ice cream; fruits, candy, egg-nog and cigars. When this had settled a bit there was an extra issue of rum.

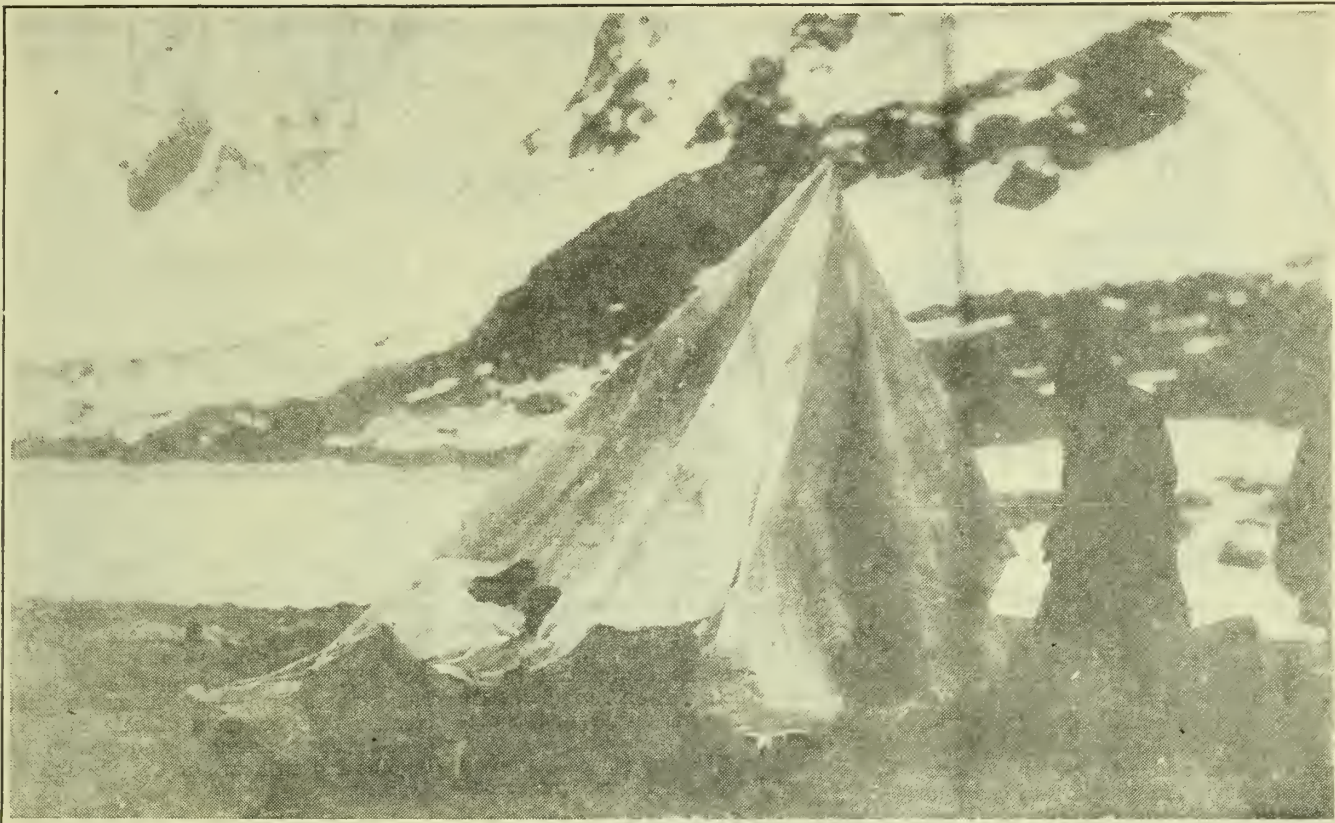
Lieutenant (now Major General, retired) Greely and Sergeant (now Brigadier General, retired) Brainard, are the only living survivors of that banquet. They can glance back over the intervening forty-three years and recall every detail of it. General Greely lives at Newburyport, Massachusetts, hale, hearty and of good appetite at almost eighty-one, a most distinguished and distinguished-looking officer. Of his one-time Sergeant General Greely recently said in a note to the writer: "Brainard was the most remarkable of a number of remarkable men on the Greely expedition." General Brainard is a business executive in Washington, D. C. He retired from the Army a while back, but golf bored him and he went into business. He served in the World War and since 1919 has been a member of George Washington Post of The American Legion.

"I truly believe," General Brainard has told this writer, "that that dinner helped to save the six of us who eventually got home from the north alive. When we were starving on the ice, eating our shoes and too weak to bury our dead, we used to discuss that dinner. The promise which life held for another meal like that kept alive the flickering desire to live. And where there is a desire to live—well, life will persist somehow—you would be surprised if I told you."

So I got General Brainard to tell me. The story that follows is his story, and the story which is revealed by the original official records of the expedition.

Well, Christmas passed and presently spring of 1882 came. As soon as it was light exploring parties set out from Fort Conger in various directions. The most noteworthy of these journeys was made by Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard, who traveled 1,070 miles in sixty days. They crossed the frozen sea to Greenland and traversed and mapped that coast for one hundred miles north of the highest point known before. On May 13, 1882, they were stopped by a blizzard. They were the farthest north that ever had been reached by man—something short of four hundred miles from the Pole.

THE party prepared for its second winter of night with just one cloud on the sky. The relief boat had not reached Conger with fresh supplies and the presents for the second Christmas celebration. This failure afforded no basis for immediate anxiety. The party was under orders to stay another year and had enough rations. Still, when winter came the Arctic night had lost the charm of novelty. What last year had been disagreeable but interesting was this year merely disagreeable. Weird thoughts about the failure of the relief ship infiltrated the minds of



One of the most remarkable photographs ever taken—the actual rescue of the Greely party on June 22, 1884, when all but seven men had died from starvation. This snapshot was taken during an Arctic gale by a member of the relief party. Inside the tent are Lieutenant Greely and two men. Huddled at the left of the tent entrance are Sergeants Brainard and Biederbick and Cook Frederick. At the right are members of the rescue party. This photograph has never been published before

those lonely men in darkness, as isolated as if they lived on a star.

But Christmas was Christmas. There were no presents from home, but the day was observed, as the conscientious Greely wrote, "in the usual manner, but hardly with as great success as the previous year."

Spring of 1883 came late, but it brought a return of absorbing activity. Their diaries and journals show the men tackling their tasks to have been healthy, happy and even light-hearted. May turned into June. The boat was expected weekly, daily, hourly. But telescopes trained on the sea revealed only the sea.

August 3d and no boat. Forty days' rations remained. Lieutenant Greely called a council and heard every man's say. The unanimous decision was to abandon Fort Conger and work south in small boats.

Managing a small boat in a wave-lashed Arctic sea filled with pounding ice is an enterprise scarcely to be commended to men unaccustomed to handling boats in any

kind of a sea. The retreat began on August 9th, and on the 26th they made Cape Hawkes, two hundred miles away, though they had dodged ice

for four hundred miles to get there. Cape Hawkes bore no evidence of a visit by any vessel either in 1882 or 1883. This was serious. Advices as to

where to find food were expected at Cape Hawkes, because it had been positively directed that ships would start for Conger in 1882 and 1883, and failing to reach there would land rations, and leave a notice at Cape Hawkes telling where those rations were.



Five of the rescued three months later, from a photograph taken while they were in the hospital at Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Navy Yard. Standing: Long, Frederick; sitting: Biederbick, Brainard, Connell. Compare this with the photograph on page three

SUCH a notice also was to be left at Cape Sabine farther south, so the party started thither. An hour later they were caught in a gale which tossed great icebergs about as if they were corks. Greely's three little boats were tossed like something less-important than corks, but were saved from apparently certain destruction by being driven on to a sea-going icefield and wedged fast. Icefield, boats and all moved slowly south.

So far, so well, but in two weeks the icefield had gone only twenty-
(Continued on page 14)

MEN —

By OLIN LYMAN

Illustrated by Ray C. Strang



HAD Ba'tiste La Roc known that Red Ralston was at that moment in the office of the Temaskagee Sulphite Pulp and Paper Company he would not, though mildly drunk and reckless, have ventured in there. The memory of a couple of broken ribs, sustained at Red's hands early in the autumn, would have restrained him.

However, as the train drew away from the adjacent little blue and gray station on its final twenty mile run to the junction with the trans-continental line, the office door flew open, admitting bitter cold and Ba'tiste. Bulky in his red-and-black mackinaw, black-eyed, bearded was Ba'tiste, and ugly as sin.

Tripping upon an old rug, he kicked it out of his way with a murderous oath. The men and women in the counting room, obviously intimidated, seemed to shrivel in their chairs. The woodsman was feared.

"Where's the super?" growled La Roc. "Tell me, tam queeck!"

In that instant somebody stepped from the superintendent's little room into the main office. Nobody had noticed that Jim Ralston had just gone in there to leave a machine room record on the desk. At the step all eyes turned that way. For all of them there was instant reassurance—except for Ba'tiste. It was his turn to shrivel.

There was a pantherish leap, a clutch, a hip-lock, and the *habitant* flew out of the open door to spreadeagle in air and land upon head and shoulders in the soft, dry snow beyond the steps. Which startling flight at once arrested the attention of two men who were approaching the office from the station.

An instant later the bouncer strolled through the doorway and stood upon the top step. He was tall, lithe and freckled, apparently about thirty. He wore a gray sweater but no coat, though the thermometer registered far below zero, and no cap covered his thick red hair. His hands were thrust in his trousers pockets.

He loosed a big, drawling baritone voice. "Now keep away from here,

Ba'tiste, I'm telling you again. Next time you'll go back on a slab!"

The floundering bad man scrambled up, shaking the snow from his beard, and hurried west past the mills toward the forest. The freckled man, who had not observed the two men coming, descended the steps and swung leisurely along in the French Canadian's wake for two hundred yards. There, stepping to the right, he disappeared in the mills to don the short and simple attire which served for his duties in the machine room.

"Have that kind of rough-house up here often?" growled Perry, who strode at Moss's heels.

The superintendent, already troubled, was not disposed to bore this new owner with any particulars of the mills' sizzling human problems until urged to do so. So he answered with evasion.

"Oh, Ba'tiste has tried to start trouble more than once since he left here, and Jim sort o' bounces him."

Barnard Perry, man of affairs and multi-millionaire through the death of a crusty old uncle in New York three years before, followed Milton Moss along a new shoveled path toward the group of concrete and steel buildings. A hundred yards to the right was the broad, ice-locked dam of the Temaskagee River. To the left was a rambling, concrete building proclaimed by a sign as the inn. Beyond the mills were rows of dwellings, painted a dull gray. Roundabout, pruned far back from the buildings on all sides for protection from fires, stood the dark forest plumed with snow. Within the clearing was epitomized a romance of business in the wilds.

Moss mounted the steps and stood aside to allow Perry to precede him into the office. With the capitalist's entrance the buzz of excited conversation which had followed Ralston's eviction of La Roc died. Everybody became almost pathetically busy; and why not? Here stood the new boss, of sinister fame, of sombre personality, of wintry ice. And the sceptre of fear is worldwide; and in the world are millions upon millions of little magpies, chirping and complaining and quarrelling over their crumbs, while here and there stalks a big jackdaw, solitary in his thinking, mute, invincible.

Milton Moss, carrying the royal traveling bag, waited while the master's narrow gray eyes assayed the room's

human contents. The look somehow chilled hearts and set minds to flurrying. Perry's handsome and hard-boiled features, familiar to the world through presentment in newspapers and "success" magazines, were set in an expressionless mask. He was tall, broad-shouldered, robust; through the severe living of a chosen bachelor estate he was physically fit as a trained athlete. In pyramiding dollars he possessed genius. His uncle, Arthur Perry, had died at seventy, a detested jackal. The lusty, human wolf who was his heir had, at forty, doubled the huge fortune. Nor was the spirit of the north itself bleaker than the soul of this ruthless, selfish young magnate who was invading the frozen heart of Canada for the first time.

SLOWLY he removed his greatcoat, then nodded to Moss, who ushered him into his own small private room. "Shut the door and sit down," he directed, while appropriating Milt's own chair before the oak desk. Moss nervously complied. Perry's telegram, curt in tone, had caused Moss to wonder where he stood with the new régime, or if he stood at all. He fidgeted under the financier's frowning gaze that measured his potential weaknesses. Moss had a fine head, but his chin seemed always as if about to tremble. He was long and gawky, shambling, thin-faced under his fur cap. His upper lip was stiffened only by a bristly, straw-hued mustache. His big blue eyes were rather vague though honest.

"I didn't want the Temaskagee Sulphite Pulp and Paper Company," finally remarked the man of added wealth. "Neither did I see, when the original company asked a month ago for an extension of the mortgage which I held, why business was not business. I was, therefore, forced to foreclose, and the mill is mine."

Moss nodded uneasily. He knew what was coming. He wished devoutly he had never left Michigan to meet a Waterloo in this God-forsaken realm half way to the North Pole. Things had gone smooth enough in the little mill he had superintended, a few miles from Lansing. You could always get enough help down there, and they'd stick! Up here, in the wide, blank spaces, it was too all-fired lonesome. Everyone that was lured from below to man this American enterprise away up in Ontario contracted itching feet.

"I don't pretend to know anything about the technique of paper and pulp making," pursued the magnate, with

HANDPICKED

the habitual growl that seemed to well upward from his midriff. "I deal mostly with money, and such manufactures as pass into my control are in charge of designated experts, who can *produce*. Now the reports of my attorneys regarding this plant show some loose screws. It is hardly five years old, a model equipment, a thundering capacity, a steady demand, and prices for news print are at high C. The original company should have liquidated that mortgage by now; instead, it *blew*. I've found in New York about what dividends I ought to expect upon this investment of nearly four million dollars. The present small margin of profits is a joke. I came up here to find out why."

Moss's honest if troubled gaze turned away. Perry jumped up. "Take me through the mills."

As he followed Moss out, Perry's lip curled satirically. Threads of craft and cruelty wound through the looms of his thinking. There are rich men who endow hospitals; there are others who create a public need for them. Barnard Perry, son of a mercenary line, had been orphaned early and been adopted by his uncle. Old Arthur Perry, with ingrained malice, had made him fear for his inheritance; not until the will was read was the nephew sure of the stake for which he had been forced to truckle from his boyhood. So, through the years, had the older

man woven in the saturnine nature of the younger a dark fabric of added bitterness.

Now, with the uncle in an unhal-
lowed grave, the nephew visited upon the world that accumulated spleen of humiliation and repression. He had been forced to truckle to one man; now he compelled many men to truckle to him. He was arrogant, lonely, treacherous; a man without friendships. He made men, later to break them. For three years now the sword of power had been busy; first knighting, then destroying. Men hated his personality, feared his money—and deferred to him, and he found homage sweet, even while he sneered.

Therefore, because he was as he was, Barnard Perry enjoyed the misery in the vague though honest eyes of Milton Moss, who, technically competent, was

too complaisant, too meek under the catspaw of circumstance in the task of handling men. So Perry prepared to play with him before striking him down.

Out in the long shipping room Perry glowered about while the intimidated Moss chewed his mustache. "Why the devil is there so much stock piled up here? Why isn't it moving?" demanded the owner.

"Well, we can't seem to get the cars lately; the railroad puts us off. I've been to the Junction and down to North Bay about it, but they say there's a shortage."

Perry grunted and told him to lead on. Across to the beater room sham-
bled Moss with the sensations of a lean turkey that is being followed by a big farmer with an axe. Perry paused beside a beater, watching the slatey-blue "pudding" ooze slowly in its cen-

(Continued on page 17)



The floundering bad man scrambled up, shaking the snow from his beard

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

The Legion's Campaign for a Universal Draft Law

V. A Measure of Justice and Right

GROUPS of thinkers who differ sharply in their notions as to how peace best may be maintained and war discouraged have acclaimed the universal draft as a means toward peace and away from war. The pacifist group calls the universal draft a means toward peace because when the profit is taken out of war it will make us less apt to go to war. The preparedness group calls the universal draft a means to peace because when the profit is taken out of war we will be able to wage war so effectively that other nations will hesitate to start hostilities.

It would be idle for The American Legion to say that the legislation proposed, or that any other legislation which one nation standing alone can ever propose, will be a positive cure for the warlike impulse. The man who says America should fight under no conditions is as intemperate and as much of a nuisance as the sabre-rattling jingo who would have us fight at the drop of a hat. Fortunately neither of these individuals draws enough water to matter much. The bulk of our citizenry wants peace, but is devoted to the country and would fight as a last resort—if, for instance, the United States were invaded.

In such an event what would Uncle Sam do? As in previous wars he would call three groups of his citizens about him, and he would say:

"You men go into the Army and the Navy and with your valor and strength oppose the enemy.

"You men go into the factories and shops and with your experience and skill provide food, clothing, guns and ammunition for these fighters.

"You men who own the shops and factories, admit these workers. Build new factories and with your wealth and genius for organization provide all the facilities for these workers so that they may produce what the fighters require.

"We are all in the same boat. One man's job is as important as another's. You are all equal in my eyes. Get busy."

So the soldier goes to the front and defends his life and prosecutes the cause of his country with a rifle. For this service he receives a dollar a day.

The workman goes to his bench and makes more rifles and ammunition, and thus prosecutes the cause of his country. For this service he receives \$15 a day.

The capitalist goes to his desk and runs the factory, and thus prosecutes the cause of his country. For this service he receives \$15,000 a day.

Well and good. But why this disparity of material rewards for a service which, after all, merely represents every man working to save his own skin—for that is what a nation at war is doing and nothing else?

The argument has been advanced that the soldier gets an opportunity to cover himself with glory, and this is beyond price. If memory serves, in the last war labor and capital both lustily proclaimed the glorious and patriotic character of their services; and they said what was true. They publicly and officially sympathized with their lot, which kept them toiling at home when they really

wanted to be off with the brave boys at the front; which, we think, was riding a good horse a little too hard. But lusty as these proclamations were, they did not drown the metallic din of the profits which clinked into their strong boxes as the material reward for those patriotic services. To balance this the soldier got his dollar a day, plus glory beyond price.

In the last war we drafted soldiers and put their service on a distinctly uncommercial basis. But we contracted for labor and capital on a distinctly commercial basis. Indeed, if there was anything unbusinesslike or uncommercial in the proceedings it was the preposterous liberality and looseness with which Uncle Sam spent his money to get labor and capital to do their parts.

This is not to criticize labor and capital, especially. It was the fault of the system. For the most part labor and capital did their job conscientiously, honestly and well, but in all events these virtues commanded a high price. So liberal was Uncle Sam that one would have thought there scarcely would be any incentive to try to take advantage of him. But alas, this was not the case. On top of this liberality, this needless liberality, there was flagrant profiteering. The Government had to have materials at any price. It paid the top price almost invariably.

"The Government was boldly and openly robbed. If the war had been fought for their especial benefit the profits of certain contractors scarcely could have been larger."

These are the words of a Department of Justice agent's official report on war frauds. Billions of dollars were paid out in profits both legal and illegal, and millions were wasted and stolen. War millionaires were everywhere. There was never so much ready money. Profiteers got such firm grips on the machinery of government that even today there has been no proper investigation of or prosecution of these crimes.

The American Legion believes this state of affairs is neither right nor just.

For this reason the Legion proposes to dispense with the condition which makes such things possible by enacting a law which will put all war effort on terms of equal obligation and a common scale of remuneration. This is proposed in the Universal Draft Bill which is now before Congress. Regardless of whether it brings the dream of peace any nearer, as most persons think it will, and as the Legion thinks it will, this bill deserves support because it will make for equality, justice, fairness, efficiency, economy and honesty in the nation's service in wartime.

❖ ❖ ❖

Reckless drivers have one foot on the gas and the other in the grave.

❖ ❖ ❖

It must be said of the girl with the lipstick that she certainly does hue to the line.

❖ ❖ ❖

Nothing is more beautiful than a blanket of white snow, providing it doesn't cover your own sidewalk.

❖ ❖ ❖

A flivver can be assembled in twelve minutes, but it takes from three days to three months for a pedestrian, if not longer.

❖ ❖ ❖

It used to take an hour for a woman to do up her hair. A barber does it now in a few moments, besides finding out where she wants it delivered.

❖ ❖ ❖

Statisticians say the world will have a population of eight billion people in 300 years or nearly one for every hot dog stand and filling station.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

"NOT so very Christinasy, not so very Christian," said a cynic to me in France on Christmas Day, 1917—"not with the Christians of the world engaged in slaughtering one another by millions."

"Think how much worse it might have been if we had not Christianity!" I replied. "There would not have been millions to slaughter in this grand war spree. Most of them would have been killed off piecemeal, without benefit of clergy, before the war began."

"Think how much worse it might have been except for Jesus Christ!" is always sufficient answer for the very smart man who points out, in terms of ridicule, the inconsistency of our personal conduct and our conduct as nations with Christian principles.

When Christ was born on that first Christmas Day, 1924 years ago, Roman power and civilization were reaching their height. Roman armies gave quarter only to bring fresh captives home to the Roman slave market. Human beings were set to slaughter each other and to be torn to pieces by wild beasts to make sport for the bleachers and grandstands of the Coliseum.

Romans were as accustomed to the agonizing groans of crucified thieves and offenders along the Appian way as we are to the traffic officer's whistle. Baseball and football in our coliseums today, and union labor in place of slave labor, might be tame to a Roman but they are Christian, and Rome was pagan.

MAN'S narrowness has tried to confine in little tunnels the mighty current that flowed from Galilee. He has made controversies over texts; he has set up rules in the name of Christ which may not have been His rules. Each sect was striving for Christian perfection. That was the thought behind the Connecticut blue law which would not have a man kiss his wife on the Sabbath Day. It was behind the remark of the English clergyman who said to me that America could not be a Christian nation.

"Have you met many Mohammedans, sun-worshippers or devil-worshippers in our country?" I asked him. "Have you noticed large crowds prostrating themselves before idols? Have large delegations of atheists met you at the railroad stations?"

"But you have no state church," he said. That was final to him.

Possibly Christ will be just as grateful for a soul saved in a nation that has no state church as in a nation that has one. An American may worship in any faith he chooses or in no faith; he may believe in hell or personal paradise as in the disposition of a single creed or in neither hell nor paradise. His faith is the citadel of his soul within himself. That we must respect.

"Isn't it better that he lie where he fell for his country?" said a General soon after the armistice to a father who had come to France to bring home the body of his son. "His name may be on the family stone in the cemetery and in bronze in the City Hall—"

"What you don't understand," said the father, "is that I believe in personal resurrection and that when the trumpet blows I don't want my family scattered."

The only thing for the government to do in respect for that father's faith, was to bring that son's body home. Any political or social bias against any man's belief, the use of any form of force for religious ends, is not in Christ's manner. He came to earth to convince our hearts, minds and souls and save us through faith. Otherwise he would have organized an army to spread his faith. The religion of the sword is Mohammedanism.

Some high reasoners hold that Christ himself was under an illusion. He was not divine, but only brought us a great teaching. Some men do not go to church. Some men scoff at all religion. They stand for the Age of Reason. France tried that for a while in her Revolution but went back to Christianity. Russia has been trying it.

TRUE Christianity has not been the cause of wars. Human nature makes wars. Christ's spirit has put a check upon war. When wars came it brought succor to the wounded and solace to the dying. Amidst the wreckage of the field after battle the voice of Christian tenderness has spoken among the groans of the wounded.

Always there is in all of us that spirit of Christ. Those who scoff and disbelieve can not escape it. They have the Christ inheritance from their mothers of countless generations, the inheritance bred into them through these 1924 years which have made Christian civilization. They can no more destroy its effects than any can change their bodies. The good in them sprang from Christ. It is there, staying the murderer's hand, or the blow of a parent who would strike his child. It counters the savagery in us; it gives us our moral code and all our finer attributes. Call it conscience if you will, but the nobler the conscience the more it comes from Christ and faith through Him. And the strength of Christ in us is tested by the strain it will bear.

I have seen that test applied in sieges and battles where the profession of Christian qualities must be proven in deeds. It was then that I learned that some men profess Christianity as they take out insurance, paying the conventional premium. They seek outside support in want of inner support.

I recall clergymen who under such a test seemed to me poor Christians. Others have shown by their action that the blood of the martyr is the need of the church. It was this type who recognized that a man who had made no pretensions to being a model Christian might have been all his life "carrying Christ under his hat," as E. S. Martin says. If that man was given to swearing it came only from his tongue's end and not from his soul. I remember when such a soldier was dying; and when death is actually upon us we all want to know how much Christ is in us.

"I've tried to be pretty decent," he said to the clergyman bending over him. "Do you think I'll pass?"

And it seemed to me that it was the voice of the gentle and merciful Christ which spoke from the clergyman's throat: "You will."

If that man did not pass, why, then, I prefer his company to some men who are perfectly sure they will.



Mr. and Mrs. William Wing may still look legally upon the rye when it is ripe. Their own rye field surrounds the house which the State of Washington built for them. Wing was a radio operator in the Navy. The State expends for each settler in the White Bluffs-Hanford tract approximately \$5,000, covering the cost of land and improvements, and gives the soldier colonist twenty years to pay off the money advanced. The State also buys cows for the settler

IF THE German listeners-in who were supposed to find out as much as possible of the information going over the American Signal Corps wires had been on the job the day the 363rd Infantry went into the line, the Armistice might have been signed sooner. They would have heard that Shaun Kelly was opposite them, ready to whip twice his weight impartially in either wildcats or Prussian Guardsmen. It wouldn't have made any difference, the fact that Shaun at the moment happened to be chopping open cans of corned willie or running the java distillery for his company. A Kelly is a go-getter at the fighting game whether he happens to be armed with a bayonet or a skillet, whether he tosses grenades or wheatcakes, whether he is the key man in a rifle squad or a company cook. And a Shaun Kelly, cook or sharpshooter, is a man to be counted on doubly in any rookus.

The fact that Shaun Kelly, cook of Company C of the 363rd, in the 91st Division, was wounded in the Argonne

was somewhat in the nature of things. There was fighting going on, and it was inevitable that Shaun Kelly would be near its center. At the moment when a German shell got him he is said to have been carrying coffee to the men of his outfit who were closest to the enemy.

All this explains why Shaun Kelly today happens to be resting easy in a desirable sector on the well-known top of the world. He is one of a hundred pioneers, World War service men most of them and most of them Legionnaires, who are making a great farm garden out of many square miles of reformed sagebrush on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington. Kelly and the hundred are making good on one of the most extensive land settlement projects which has been established for the veterans of the World War, a

Shock Troops of

project made possible by a law passed by the Washington legislature in 1921 at the request of The American Legion. In this settlement, service men, tilling land bought by them on state loans, and living in houses provided by the State, are building a community whose success only indicates what might have been accomplished had land settlement been encouraged systematically by all the States in the year of the demobilization. Despite the farming depression, which has brought ruin to hosts of settlers in the Northwest and other sections, the men of the White Bluffs-Hanford Settlement have kept a solid front.

Shaun Kelly's story is typical of the stories of all the men on Washington's Soldier Settlement Project. He had nothing handed him on a gold-plated messkit. The State simply furnished

the opportunity and some measure of financial help.

With Mrs. Kelly and three little Kellys, Shaun was one of the first men to tackle the project in 1922. The buildings on his tract had not been completed when he reached it, so the Kellys started living in a tent. One night one of the little Kellys

Ed Ponsat blew chow call 1,489 times while he was bugling for the 146th Field Artillery, but he doesn't have to use a horn now when feeding time comes in his barnyard. The special pride of the Ponsat herd is a cow that Mr. and Mrs. Ponsat have feelingly christened Bonus





A fire destroyed the tent that was their first home and the rabbits harvested their first crop of alfalfa, but Mrs. Shaun Kelly and three little Kellys are now knee-deep in clover. Rabbit-proof fences protect this new stand of alfalfa and every one of the twenty acres which Shaun Kelly reclaimed from the sagebrush plain three years ago is producing fodder, asparagus or strawberries. And the little Kellys grow huskier every day on the milk from Shaun Kelly's own herd of cows

the Alfalfa Front

upset a lamp and away went the tent and everything the Kellys had. Next Shaun planted some alfalfa without first building a rabbit-proof fence, and the rabbits in his vicinity promptly moved in and harvested the crop.

These things simply tested Kelly's sticking qualities. He stuck. As a result, he has his twenty-acre tract reclaimed today. He has an acre in strawberries, an acre in asparagus, ten acres of splendid alfalfa and some garden truck. He also has a good herd of cows which the State helped him buy. He is going strong.

Before learning about the other men who are carrying on with Kelly, consider the historical background of the Washington settlement and the part which Dallas McGlothlen Post of The American Legion has in the daily lives of the soldier colonists.

The land settlement idea got started back in 1921. In that year \$300,000 was appropriated from the State Reclamation Revolving Fund for the purpose of establishing a veterans' land settlement project. As the name of the fund implied, the money was to be ad-

vanced subject to eventual repayment to the State by those to whom it was loaned. The interest rate was fixed at four per cent.

A State committee, composed mostly of Legionnaires, looked over all the available sites in Washington and chose the site between the towns of White Bluffs and Hanford, in the Priest Rapids Valley. Before 1907 this site had been only a sagebrush plain, untraversed except by roving bands of Indians and an occasional squatter. Sage rats and jackrabbits scampered about, dodging the coyotes, and a summer's sun beat down on a parched and unreclaimed waste.

The engineer and the promoter came in the course of time. A part of the great water-power at Priest Rapids was harnessed, and electrical current was taken from the river to drive the

pumps that lifted the waters of the Columbia River to the arid acres above. The boom followed. Steamers brought loads of pioneers and building material. In the heart of the valley, about eight miles apart, the two rival towns of White Bluffs and Hanford grew up. Eventually a railroad came to Hanford.

Only about 1,200 persons were living in the valley when the United States entered the World War in 1917, but they were the pioneers who had won success, while less lucky settlers were departing. Their orchards, vineyards and alfalfa fields were unsurpassed.

The state investigators found that the valley was ideal for a soldier settlement in every way—long growing season; quality, quantity and diversity of crops; adequate water; comparatively low cost of land, and the spirit and friendliness of the people of the valley toward the World War veteran. Particularly important were the facts that four crops of alfalfa could be raised yearly, averaging seven to eight tons an acre, that the climate and location

Robert Feehan, the man behind the corn-cob pipe, beat his pistol into a pitchfork and exchanged his lieutenant's uniform for overalls. He served in Company K of the 10th Infantry and is now president of the Land Settlers' Association in the White Bluffs-Hanford settlement



were suitable for dairying and the raising of cattle, hogs and poultry. So the State, as a start, bought enough land to provide fifty twenty-acre tracts and invited the soldier colonists to come and get it. The first fifty tracts were soon taken and an additional fifty were opened for settlement.

The Land Settlement Act provided that veterans of any war were to be given preference over other settlers. The American Legion and other service men's organizations, particularly the United Spanish War Veterans, helped find the men best qualified to move into the settlement. Although most of the tracts have been taken, some are still available.

HERE is what the new settler finds: The farm units are interspersed with the developed ranches of the community and are distant from the towns of White Bluffs and Hanford but a half mile to three miles. Good roads lead to the towns. The untouched tracts are sagebrush land in its natural state and uniformly level. It can be cleared of brush for from four to five dollars an acre. The top soil is a decomposed volcanic ash and is from two to ten feet deep. The sub-soil is a loose, porous gravel and, as the lands of the valley are located in a horseshoe bend of the Columbia River and are underlaid by the seepage from the river, water may be had from a dug well in quantities ample for irrigation as well as for domestic use. In the well, which is four feet by six feet, curbed and averaging about thirty feet in depth, is installed a centrifugal pump and electric motor.

On each unit the State constructs a three-room cottage, with front and back porch, plastered, painted and wired for electric lights; cement foundation and small cellar; combination horse and cow barn, and a modern poultry house for one hundred chickens. The settler may be advanced up to about \$800 with which to buy flume or irrigation pipe for carrying water over and about his tract, \$200 for fencing of outside areas and \$200 for assisting him to clear and prepare part of his land. In addition the State will advance the irrigation or electric energy charge over a period of three years.

On each of the farm units, if the settler elects, the State is prepared to advance approximately \$5,000 for the cost of the land and improvements, asking of the settler but a small payment down. Interest at the rate of only four per cent is asked of him over the first three-year period, after which whatever is the amount of his indebtedness to the State is amortized over an additional twenty years, repayment of the amortization being \$7.36 per year on each \$100 of indebtedness.

The project is in charge of a trained agriculturist who supervises and assists the work of the settler for the first three or four years. The State also will advance all the money necessary to buy cows for the settler when he has raised the necessary feed for them, money so provided, plus interest at the rate of six per cent, to be repaid by the settler from the cream check.

We indicated that the two towns of

White Bluffs and Hanford started as rivals. That rivalry in the early years and for quite a while was taken very seriously.

When the call came for volunteers in 1917, practically every man of service age in both towns jumped into uniform. Most of them returned after it was all over. And then a new spirit was born in the valley. The returned service men of the two towns had had enough of fighting.

The new spirit soon had a notable expression. Service men of each town began talking about forming an American Legion post in 1919. At first it looked as if there would be one post in White Bluffs and another in Hanford, with possibly a third centered in the eight miles of country between the towns. Then everybody got together and decided that one post should serve everybody. Thus Dallas McGlothlen Post was born, and accredited to White Bluffs-Hanford. It was named after a buddy who had lived midway between the towns on the shore of the Columbia, a buddy who died in France.

The business men and the pioneers at first were sceptical. They said it couldn't be done. But Dallas McGlothlen Post showed them it could. For the first year the post held its meetings on store boxes and nail kegs. The second year, with Fred M. Weil, one of the valley pioneers, as commander, the post promptly enrolled every service man in the two towns and in all the countryside between them, the first post in the country with a one hundred per cent membership.

Then the post moved into a clubhouse halfway between the two towns. Its new home was a brick schoolhouse, on the main paved highway, which had been abandoned when bus transportation had made it possible for all the children of the valley to go to school in the towns. All the carpenters, painters and candlestick makers of the two towns staged a working bee to remodel the schoolhouse for the post.

ABOUT this time the State selected the valley for the settlement, and in a short time the post found its membership rolls more than doubled as the veterans began moving to their farm tracts. Ever since that time Dallas McGlothlen Post has been the social binding force of the whole valley. The clubhouse has become the recognized center of all inter-town activities, almost the valley capitol building. The soldier settlement colonists especially find it the center of social life, the ideal place for a community dinner or a game of cards.

For four consecutive years the post has maintained its one hundred per cent membership record. In recognition of this fact, Department Commander Hinton D. Jones this year presented the post with a special loving cup. Following the presentation of this cup almost every one of the 86 members of the post went to the department convention at Walla Walla. The post band of 24 pieces headed its delegation as the post took second prize in the convention parade.

But more than band music and more

than baseball and the twenty and one other things which make up the community life of the valley, the day-by-day efforts of the men on their farm tracts give the real measure of what the State of Washington has done. Past Commander Weil tells how some of the soldier settlers are getting along. He writes:

"In May, 1922, two brothers, 'Pi' and Wilbur Morford, selected Tract No. 8 and settled down to the business of putting their own feet on their own ground. They made good progress in the development of their tract, but when the second bloc of fifty new tracts was opened 'Pi' applied for and received a tract all his own, No. 99, adjoining, at the same time recruiting a wife, while Brother Wilbur sent for mother and dad and is carrying on on Tract No. 8.

"ED PONSAT was with the 146th F. A. overseas. Two years ago Ed got off the train at White Bluffs and signed up for Tract No. 11. It was a hot day and the thermometer hovered around the uncomfortable mark, but Ed's tract was all ready for him, so he sent for the family down in Walla Walla, and dug in. Tract No. 11 is a graphic testimonial today of his labors.

"Denzil C. Mock, another member of the 146th Field Artillery, with his wife, kiddy and a nice herd of Holsteins, is making a go of it on Tract No. 35.

"Robert Feehan is the newly-elected President of the Land Settlers' Association. Robert is a Spanish-American War veteran, but he also served in Company K, 10th Infantry, during the World War. Robert is comparatively a newcomer, but is a real hustler and is one ex-officer that is a regular whiz-bang on fatigue duty. His tract, No. 70, is entirely cleared and he is hopping right to it.

"Down on Tract No. 38 live Guy Phare and his wife. Guy was in the 116th M. P's. In addition to having most of his tract well reclaimed, Guy is developing a splendid little herd of Holsteins and has almost enough for a squad. Leave it to the corporals.

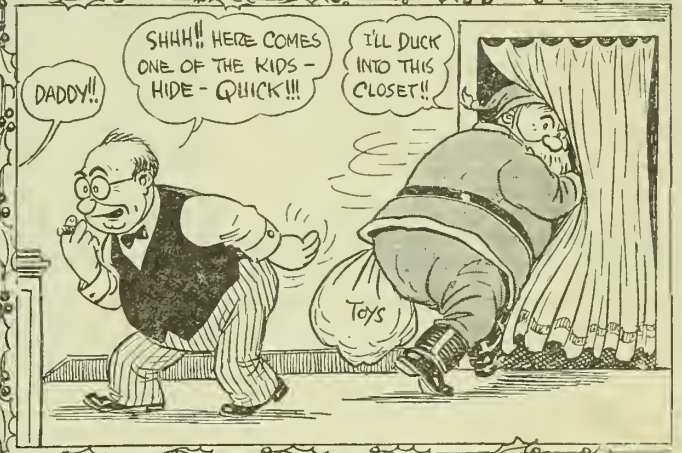
"On Tract No. 5 is William Wing, formerly a radio operator in the Navy. Wing was one of the pioneers and came to the project a merry bachelor. Dusting off the sagebrush and peeling potatoes at the same time Wing soon found a bit irksome, so he tuned up the old set and sent out an S. O. S. for a wife. And it is now Mr. and Mrs. William Wing, and they are building a substantial and praiseworthy home.

"Alex Parke was once a newspaper reporter on a Winnipeg daily and in the war served with the 346th F. A. Picture Alex discarding the old typewriter for a shovel and a hoe. He is one of the greatest hustlers on the project."

Past Commander Weil would have gone on down the roll in this fashion if space had permitted. He saved enough space to say that some tracts are still open in the settlement and that full information may be had from Henry Wise, Adjutant of the Washington Department of The American Legion, at Seattle.

A Merry Christmas

By Wallgren



The Strangest Christmas a Soldier Ever Spent

(Continued from page 5)

five miles. Then it stopped. It was impossible to extricate the boats. They were abandoned and the men struck out over the ice in the direction of land.

Before they got very far the ice began moving again—not south along the shore, but eastward into the open polar sea. The harassed men strained every sinew, but the ice moved east faster than they could walk west, and in a few days the men were twenty-five miles out to sea. Then the wind changed and they drifted toward shore again. When within five miles of land another blow came up and sent them out to sea. When twenty miles out their ice-raft began to break up. But providentially the wind shifted and bore them shoreward, where the battered band landed, September 29th, after thirty-four days on floating ice shaking dice with doom.

This castaway landing chanced to be only ten miles from Cape Sabine, the second point at which rescue ships were to have left provisions. Sergeant Rice was sent to Sabine for news. This is the news he brought back:

The relief expedition of 1882, sent out in a ship unsuited for Arctic travel, broke down at this point. It left a rec-

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM GENERAL GREELY

To The American Legion:

During my sixty-three years of service I have seen the United States grow from a loose union of divergent communities into the most powerful nation of the world. Our very bigness now endangers us. Town meetings have given place to primaries, where no one knows candidates save through propaganda. To safeguard our power, progress and influence demands of you that exercise of intelligence, that spirit of solidarity, that devotion to duty, which in the past have been dominant factors in victories gained by American soldiers.

Every member of the Legion should do his civic duty, which requires persistent interest in the public welfare and the casting of a ballot in every election, so that no baleful minority may ever be able to impair the stability of the republic. Be patriots in deed, not in talk alone. Especially let each Christmas be marked by tender love for your associates, and by a vow of renewed devotion to the common welfare.

A. W. Greely
A Private Soldier of 1861.

ord and food enough to last the Greely party, on regular rations, four days.

The relief expedition of 1883 had come to grief the July preceding when its ship had been nipped by the ice and sunk off Sabine. The relief party had gone south while the going was good, barely pausing to leave five days' rations and the promise that "everything in the power of man" would be done later to rescue Greely and his men.

There was an old cache of nine days' rations in bad condition, abandoned years before by English explorers.

There was still a half hope—Cape Isabella, forty miles south, the third and last place where rations or messages were to have been left both in 1882 and 1883. Thither went Rice. He returned to report—nothing, except the presence of 140 pounds of meat left by

Nares, the Englishman, in 1875. An attempt to bring this to Sabine would be hazardous.

These developments practically removed Greely's situation from the domain of speculation. These facts were plain: He and his men had been abandoned to their fate, one thousand miles north of the Arctic circle, on a barren, blizzard-swept coast of rock and ice, scarcely known to ship, man, bird or beast, without boats, without shelter, without fuel, and with thirty days' regular rations to face the northern winter night which in a few days would be upon them. Most of Greely's men were never to know the story of the excuseless negligence of the so-called relief parties of 1882 and 1883 which was responsible for this tragedy. Greely met conditions as he found them with incredible calmness, resource and courage. He determined to keep his band alive as long as could be in the forlorn hope that the everything-in-the-power-of-man promise of rescue might possibly save them.

With great exertion the party constructed a miserable stone and ice hut into which the twenty-five men could barely crowd themselves. The daily ration was reduced to a fraction over twelve ounces of food per man. On this schedule the provisions would last until March 1, 1884, though Dr. Pavy, the surgeon, said this was not enough to sustain life until then. In the Arctic a man requires three times the amount of nourishment he does in temperate zones. The men were emaciated when they went on this diet. Brainard's diary on October 21, 1883, says, "We are all hungry nearly all the time." Fires were lighted only for cooking; and then the smallest possible blaze. The only fuel was ration boxes, which were cut into sticks the size of matches.

The dismal dietary outlook persuaded Lieutenant Greely to yield to Sergeant



Fort Conger, Grinnell Land, six hundred miles from the North Pole, which the Greely expedition built and used as a base for two years, abandoning it in August, 1883, for a desperate retreat south when all but forty days' rations were gone. This photograph is reproduced from the original taken by Sergeant Rice, a member of the Greely party who gave his life in an effort to secure provisions for his comrades

Rice's plea to try to recover the English meat at Isabella. Rice, Sergeant Elison, Private (Cook) Frederick and Private Lynn reached Isabella in three days and started back with the meat. Elison and Lynn, crazed by thirst, began to eat snow despite warnings. They became ill and their hands and feet froze. Elison was unable to stand. Rice and Frederick worked nineteen hours in an attempt to relieve him and froze their fingers trying unsuccessfully to build a fire. A storm had come up. It was necessary to abandon the meat to save Elison's life. They tried to drag him to camp but had to give it up twenty-five miles out. Rice left Elison and Lynn in charge of Frederick and pushed ahead alone for aid. Brainard was sent with brandy, Dr. Pavy following. All three men had to be cut from their frozen sleeping bags. Poor Elison's hands and feet eventually dropped off. A spoon was lashed to the stump of his right arm so he could feed himself.

Life in the hut settled down to stationary warfare against cold, starvation and insanity. Darkness had descended. One could not see his hand before him except when the fire was going and then everybody choked with smoke because there was no chimney. To take the men's minds from themselves Greely burned a little blubber lamp sometimes so he could read to them. Every day he or someone delivered a "lecture". The men committed to memory endless tables and compilations of statistics from an almanac. They would recite these aloud over and over by the hour and by the day to keep a grip on their reasons.

Hunters went out in the dark and occasionally shot a fox, which would be eaten—*totally*—a few ounces at a time. By scrimping beforehand each man got about twenty-four ounces of food on Thansgiving Day. Greely's diary says: "Today we have been *almost* happy and had *almost* enough to eat."

On this twenty-seventh birthday—December 21st—Brainard shot a four-pound blue fox and got a half gill of rum to celebrate on. Greely ordained that the fox be added to the Christmas stew.

Christmas!

The poor wretches did their brave best to be merry. It was voted that no man should utter a single complaint all day. In the morning there were cheers for the commanding officer, the patiently suffering Elison and the cooks who were always half blind from smoke. Breakfast of pea soup, seal blubber and potatoes. Lunch of cloudberry, the last fruit in camp. Dinner of fox and blubber stew, potatoes, an onion, rice, chocolate and a weak rum punch which probably could be sold in the United States today without violating the law. A sum total of *nearly thirty-six ounces* of food per man—the most gluttonous day's ration ever issued at Sabine. The dinner was voted "the best ever eaten" and Brainard put in his diary that "the spirits of all are wonderfully exuberant and joyous." After dinner every man told a story or sang a song and recited the bill of fare of the meal he would have next Christmas at home.

January of 1884 opened colder; the drinking water turned salty; Lieutenant Lockwood became ill; Dr. Pavy forbade the smoking of tea leaves, fearing

scurvy; Sergeant Cross died on the 19th. This first death affected all deeply, and Greely increased the bread ration half an ounce to prop up morale.

In February the intrepid Rice made a desperate attempt to cross on foot the half frozen sea to Greenland in search of aid but failed. Greely doled out a few pinches of lard and blubber to assuage the disappointment. "It is all a pitiful game of brag", he wrote, "and I shall have to reduce everything materially next week." As a further morale builder Frederick was promoted to sergeant, vice Cross; deceased—a promotion which the War Department for a long time refused to recognize because it was "irregular"! As terms of enlistment expired men were formally discharged and in every case they voluntarily re-enlisted.

Rations were cut drastically in March and the wood gave out. A blubber lamp was used for cooking and Long and Brainard shot a few doves and ptarmigans, species of Arctic fowl. Brainard also invented a net for catching "sea lice", a little insect-like shrimp. All hands grew perceptibly weaker, however, despite these efforts. Some could not leave their sleeping bags, not so much from weakness, as because their vitality was so low they would freeze.

On April 5th Christiansen, one of the Eskimos, drowned trying to catch a seal. Lynn died the day following. He had never recovered from the trip for the English meat in November.

Rice and others long had begged permission to make another try for this meat. Greely demurred because of the danger, but when death for all seemed only a matter of course, he assented. Rice and his boon companion Frederick, the cook, left on April 6th. Rice got his last hour's sleep in a bag with Lynn, who already was a corpse. In three days the two men covered nineteen miles which brought them within six miles of where the meat had been left five months before. They left their sleeping bags there, expecting to get the meat and regain the bags in one march. Before they could reach the spot where the meat had been abandoned a terrific blizzard came up. The gale was so furious that the men kept their feet with difficulty. But they staggered on only to find that the meat was gone—carried away by drifting ice.

It was four in the afternoon. They started to retrace their steps, and Rice showed signs of weakness. He made light of it at first, but his condition quickly became alarming. To stop was to freeze to death. When Rice collapsed Frederick knew he was gone. Frederick stuck by his friend, holding his head and trying with jests to revive his ever light-hearted spirit. At eight o'clock Rice died.

Picture Frederick's situation: Twenty-five miles from camp, six miles from his sleeping bag, in one of the worst blizzards he had ever experienced in the Arctic, his best friend dead in his arms, and he himself on the verge of starvation. From Frederick's formal report to Greely: "I was completely disheartened. I stooped and kissed the remains of my dead comrade and left him there."

Frederick reached his sleeping bag at three a. m. It was frozen as stiff as cordwood. Frederick swallowed some

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ammonia, which gave him strength to open the bag. In this refuge he waited out the storm and at eight in the morning resumed his march. But not toward camp. This gallant soldier and comrade tramped twelve miles to bury his friend, scraping a grave in the ice with a pocket knife. He reached camp three days later, having kept himself alive by drinking alcohol from his cooking lamp. He staggered into the hut and turned over to his commanding officer the unconsumed portion of the rations of the late Sergeant Rice.

The loss of Rice was a loss indeed. Lieutenant Lockwood died on April 9. On April 12th Sergeant Jewell went and on the 24th the Eskimo Jens gave up the fight. He was buried like the rest in a grave a foot deep with "full military honors" a few rods from the hut.

On May 14th the last of the regular rations was divided equally among the living. Brainard, Long and Frederick hunted, gathered seaweed and moss, which was greedily eaten. A few doves and ptarmigans were shot, but more often than not Lieutenant Greely told the hunters to eat them and keep on their feet at all costs. Private Ellis ate his last food and died May 19th.

From the diary of Greely: "May 23rd. Ralston died about one a. m. Israel left bag before his death, but I remained until driven out about five a. m. chilled through by contact with the dead. I read the burial service and ordered him buried in the ice n. e. of camp if the party unable to haul him up the hill. Whistler is unconscious this evening. The barometer was broken—a great misfortune because I had hoped to continue observations until the last man died."

Sealskin thongs were rationed out. Died: Sergeant Ralston on May 23rd; Whistler on May 24th; Sergeant Israel, May 27th; Lieutenant Kislingbury, June 1st. No strength to bury them. Melting ice drove party from hut into a tent they lacked strength to erect properly. Shoes and leather clothing rationed as food—seaweed, moss, lichens—an occasional small bird from Long or Frederick—but they were getting so weak their aim was bad.

Corporal Salor died June 3rd. June 6th Private Henry was shot for stealing rations. Dr. Pavy died that night in delirium.

The retribution which overtook Henry was necessary to save the lives of his companions. His thefts had become persistent, open and arrogant. He was stronger than any two men of the party. After an unheeded public warning Lieutenant Greely commanded his execution in a written order addressed to Brainard, Frederick and Long. They were to use one blank and two ball cartridges.

General Brainard has told me something about the carrying out of this sentence, which will form the only statement in this narrative which does not appear also in the official records. It is perhaps the one secret of the expedition which Brainard has kept all these years from his dear friend General Greely.

"The only three rifles in camp," said General Brainard, "were of different calibres. Whoever loaded the guns would know who fired the telling shots. So we agreed that one of us only should fire, using ball ammunition in the heaviest

est rifle—a .45. We took an oath never to tell who that man was. Long and Frederick are dead. They never told who shot Henry, and I never shall."

Sergeant Gardiner died on June 12th, exclaiming "Mother! Wife!" He held their pictures before his eyes as they closed. Private Schneider penciled a confession and on the 18th departed this life: "I feel myself going fast. As a dying man I can say that the only dishonest thing I have done is to have eaten my own sealskin boots and part of my pants."

Schneider meant to convey that he had eaten these articles without permission. Such was the implacable discipline of Greely, by nature the kindest and most considerate of men. Had he not exercised leadership which astounds belief—enforcing an order that *nothing* should be eaten until he should direct it—all edible substances would have been consumed months before and every man would have perished. Greely made an example of himself. In the eight months at Sabine at all times he had less to eat than any of his men.

A gale broke on June 20th and no one ventured from the tent. On the 21st the tent blew half down. No one had the strength to right it, but on the 22nd Brainard crawled out and got drinking water. Greely tried to read his prayer book but was too weak.

At midnight three whistle blasts—they seemed like—zoomed above the storm.

The weary Greely asked Brainard and Long if they would crawl out and look around. Brainard returned in fifteen minutes. He had seen nothing.

"Must have been the wind."
"Yes—the wind." Greely's tired voice trailed off. The lieutenant was failing fast.

Presently the tent fly opened briskly. "Lieutenant Greely?"

It was not Long's voice that spoke. It was the voice of a well-fed man. It was the rescuer, Commander Winfield S. Schley, United States Navy. His two ships pitched at anchor in the bay.

"Yes—here we are." Greely struggled vainly to rise. "Dying—like men."

But Sergeant Brainard tottered to his feet and was lifting his hand to salute when a rescuer took it in his own.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Every incident and quotation in this article, including the dialogue which occurred at the moment of rescue, is taken verbatim from the official records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition. No attempt has been made to dramatize a narrative which it would be sacrilege and officiousness to attempt to improve upon.]

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

CHARLES A. BARTLEY, Harry E. Kelley Post, Elkhorn, Wis. D. Oct. 23, aged 27. Served on U. S. S. Huntington.

SUZANNE M. BERAUD, Signal Post, New York City. D. in auto accident, Sept. 19, aged 28. Served with Signal Service at G. H. Q., Chaumont and in Treves, Germany.

HERMAN G. JENSEN, Leo P. McNamara Post, Holstein, Ia. D. Nov. 23, aged 30. Served with Co. A, 316th Inf., 79th Div.

Men—Handpicked

(Continued from page 7)

trifugal whirl. He indicated some idle beaters while his brows lifted querulously.

"We're a little short o' help in here," admitted Moss.

Down into the bowels of the big plant they dived, where the water went drip, drip, drip, and the ice-locked surge of the dammed river roared outside, and roundabout them the steel jaws of the wood pulp grinders went chop-chop, biting into the redolent fibres of the spruce blocks. Here, too, was idle apparatus. The same was true of the sulphite mill, where the fumes emanating from the lapped layers made Perry cough.

Milton Moss was experiencing a blue morning. He could feel the cold steel creeping closer to his thin neck. Perry, when in the humor for guillotine practice, had a malignant gift for rubbing the victim's nerves raw before he let the knife fall. One might have wondered why Moss, knowing well enough he was slated to go, did not forthwith throw the job in Perry's face and walk out. But many a stronger man than Moss had allowed Perry similarly to work his deliberate pleasure upon him before the sword closed the sardonic process. It was a little trick of mastery that Barnard had. So Moss, wondering dully what expert Perry had selected to come north to replace him, suffered on.

However, Moss was in error here. Perry had not chosen his successor yet. He had assumed from the lawyer's report that a new superintendent was needed, and he had come north to see things for himself, believing if necessary that he could pick a winner on the spot. He could point with pride to his record of choosing potentially strong men for his purposes. Perhaps they would break later with the strain of working under his lash, but they were invariably ripe for his plucking.

His first glance at Moss had confirmed his resolution to get rid of him. Moss was that sum of echoes of contending voices which yields always—an underdog in exacting situations. He couldn't get cars; he couldn't do this; he couldn't get that. Opposing elements rode him to death. Somewhere in this big plant there must be a man without fear, a man who was himself, with mind and muscle to cope with stubborn conditions, to rectify them, and to make the mills pay. That man Perry meant to find and to knight. For that end, while he made the rounds with Moss, his roving gaze restlessly assayed human faces as well as mechanical units. To find the man, then to behead Moss, was the programme.

But the very search sharpened Perry's irritation. There was a larger proportion of unskilled labor around a paper mill than he had imagined. Most of them were like grown-up children; low-browed, listless, deep in ruts. There were some burly fellows with hard fists but no brains with which to back them up. What few foremen he saw were of mediocre standard. He could not find the blend of mind and muscle for which he was looking.

"Take me to the outside equipment," he directed.

Out there the sun had dispersed gray

clouds, and he blinked painfully at the glare upon the dazzling fields of snow which billowed out to the dark forest a mile away. The pulp log carrier was creaking. The cluster of nearby houses, bulwarked by leagues of silent woodlands, was invested with a solitary pathos. The river thundered; the mills thrummed; roundabout the cold cracked like explosives; yet these sounds were part of the loneliness. Only the shriek of a locomotive whistle, far away, seemed wholly to link this spot with life.

Perry approached a railroad spur, peering at some gondolas loaded with spruce fibre. "I thought we made all our own wood pulp and some overage for outside sale. Perhaps this stuff is going out?" he suggested.

"No, it's just come in," admitted Moss. "We've had to buy some wood pulp from the Royal Mills up at the Junction lately."

"Why is that?"

"The woodcutters struck early last fall and we ain't been able to get a full force back yet. Batiste La Roc, the foreman, has a lot of influence with the French Canucks, and keeps 'em away. He tried to knife me during the strike, and Jim Ralston grabbed him and knocked down a young tree with his carcass. He's been botherin' around again—you saw Red slinging him out of the office when you came."

There was silence while Perry's lip curled, with some excuse. No man belonged up in these spaces who needed a protector. "Moss," he inquired, "in God's name, why were you ever made superintendent here?"

Moss answered with what dignity he could summon. "Well, the president of the original company was a first cousin of mine."

"Oh!" The studied contempt in the tone stung Moss to some show of spirit at last. He raised his trembling chin.

"Charlie Demarest knew I understood news print and sulphite pulp from A to Izzard! I've done the best I could in the face of damnable labor conditions; strikes, itching hoofs and everything else! And nobody can find any fault with the quality of this mill's output!"

"An under-manned mill means loss in quantity. The upkeep here is too rich for the production. That's the joker at Temaskagee. I'm here to change things."

He studied Moss's dejected face. "Say, Moss, can't you show me some department in this dump with some life?"

Now Moss trembled with wrath that reminded Perry of the futile rage of a badgered rabbit. "I'll show you the machine room!" he snapped. "It's lively enough there. Come on!"

A moment later they stepped into an infernal uproar. After the biting outer cold the heat inside these walls was stifling. The wide, long, steam-filled room, with three machines spewing news print and a fourth being overhauled, presented a super-romantic spectacle of modern industry.

Round the busy machines Perry went with Moss, who at his direction howled into his ear above the din the techni-

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cal explanation of the apparatus. A purling stream of watery fluid was in a continuous run of flying particles transformed into a firm and finished sheet of news print, passing from the dryer rolls and winding upon a steel spindle into a massive roll, almost smoking from its passage over the cylinders.

The busy eyes of the capitalist flicked this way and that, assaying the complicated machinery, marking the faces and half-nude figures of the men in attendance.

"These fellows look pretty good; more room above the ears," he told Moss. Most men had to tear their throats to be heard above the devilish din. But Perry only opened his big mouth a little wider and the rich chest tones rolled out like organ chords, dominating the mechanical roar.

"Ought to be!" assented Moss sulki-ly. "Whole crew trained in the best mill in Wisconsin. Ralston went down and got 'em for me two years ago, and they've stuck. Come on; I'll show you old Number 1, ripping off a roll two hundred inches wide."

Ralston again, reflected Perry, as he followed Moss over the wet, solid floor that trembled with the vibrations of the rumbling giant mechanisms. Moss seemed to depend upon this Ralston a good deal. And that chap they called Ba'tiste had come flying out of the office door, and when Ralston had told him to move he had moved, all right!

Perry sniffed like a hound on the scent. Yes, the trail was warming. These were likely looking fellows, justifying Moss's pride in them and apparently about half his age. They weren't doing anything much, just standing around with folded arms while the broad sheets of fibre spun past at a rate which Perry calculated at some hundreds of feet a minute. It was what they looked capable of doing in emergencies that wakened his interest. What emergencies their craft might yield he did not pretend to know, though undoubtedly it possessed them. This almost terrifying blend of speed and noise must have moments that required a high grade of human engineering.

They had reached the side of the great room, and again Moss was shouting in his ear. "Look! Up by the head end. There's Red Ralston, my right hand bower, head machine tender. All American football player a few years ago. Started to learn the paper making business from the ground up, and what he ain't got

already ain't happened yet. This little saw-off runt chewin' tobacco, down by the suds, is the backtender."

Perry's gaze followed Moss's gesture. Idling where the wide fair sheet spun upon the roll was the bouncer who had worsted Ba'tiste. He rested, superbly poised upon big bare feet, clad only in old trousers uprolled to his knees. Red-haired, freckled, with mighty arms folded over his hairy chest, he was in height and bulk a thin-waisted giant. It was as if Moss had drafted Hercules, given him a shave and a venerable pair of high-water pants, and shooed him into the Temaskagee machine room.

From where he stood Barnard Perry's narrowed gray gaze kindled with interest, sparkling at Ralston while he remembered Moss's several allusions to the quality of this fellow. But in the unsmiling regard there was nothing of amiability. Instead there was the arrogance with which he always measured a man whom he thought he could use in his business. He observed the compact skull topped with brickish hair, the rugged nose and jaw, the clear and steady eyes which told of clean living. Big and breezy, calm as the outer cold, this fellow belonged to the north. Give him a task and all hell wouldn't sidetrack him.

Meanwhile, across the long intervening area of floor space the nonchalant Ralston had caught Perry's disturbing stare and stiffened. He knew that hard-boiled face, as did the news reading world. So the new owner was here, and without provocation he was giving Ralston a nasty look.

What was eating the big stiff, anyhow? Was he too nice to see a man with nothing much on? Blast him, he was staring yet. What the devil was the matter with him? So Ralston tensed and bristled and stared back at Perry with smouldering eyes, while his ponderous jaw inched forward and his upper lip lifted a little, revealing a

glimpse of dazzling teeth. So Perry thought he was a menagerie, eh? All right; stare the man down!

Moss had not observed this optical byplay. He continued to shout Jim's praises to the listening boss.

"Speedy? I'll say Jim's speedy! There ain't a man on this whole continent, Fox River Valley, or Maine, or anywhere from old Texas up to Temaskagee, can match him handling a mass of 'broke.'"

"What's 'broke'?" boomed Perry. He was staring the harder at Ralston, who was returning the stare with interest.

"Why, when the sheet breaks and gets to whipping around those cylinders. We've been having a lot of trouble lately, but Ralston's got it tuned up. We're sittin' pretty now for nearly a week. But let a break come and you'd see action!"

Ha! Moss's final word had supplied a definite cue. Perry was fuming inside over the apathy he had observed in the other departments. He was now being further irritated by Ralston's look. He was accustomed to the sight of men cringing before him, ready to jump through hoops at his command. All right, he would make this big guy jump through one! Who was he, to be giving Perry a nasty look? He looked like a red-headed statue there; let's see him whip into a man!

"Action, eh?" he boomed at Moss. "Well, action is what I want!"

His unblinking stare swung from Jim Ralston's scowling face to the spot, next his hand, where the wide, wet sheet whisked upward toward the drying cylinders. With a definite sneer toward the watching Ralston he stepped toward the thundering machine, his hand extended.

"Hi!" yelled Moss, "what the—"

Then instantly the air was filled with steam, curses, paper and motion. Barnard Perry, grinning sardonically, had stepped back against the wall to watch the action his vandal impulse had summoned. Certainly, his puppet could perform! He watched Ralston scampering like a huge ape along the running board while he brawled sulphuric orders at his sawed-off backtender, who was also swearing. He saw them fling themselves into the mess, plucking out the flying shreds, with skilled hands nursing the new sheet over and under and between the whirling steam cylinders while the great room rained paper, profanity and perspiration.

In an incredibly short time the mend was completed. Then,

DID THE VETERANS BUREAU DISALLOW YOUR CLAIM?

SERVICE men suffering from tuberculosis and neuro-psychiatric disabilities, paralysis agitans, encephalitis lethargica and amoebic dysentery whose claims for compensation have been disallowed by the Veterans Bureau are urged to present themselves to the Bureau for re-examination before January 1, 1925. Most of the disallowances of claims arising from these disabilities were made for the reason that claimants could not prove service connection. The World War Veterans Act of 1924 specifies that service connection shall be presumed where the disabilities named have reached a certain stage prior to January 1, 1925. Men with disallowed claims, therefore, should protect their interests by applying immediately for new examinations.

The Bureau warns against failure of claimants to report on dates specified for examinations and urges that all claimants make certain of receiving notices in case they change their addresses. The Bureau has requested all Legion posts to provide present addresses of claimants who previously lived in their localities.

while the helpers came with the tall wheeled racks wherein to bestow the innumerable yards of waste, along came padding the barefooted Ralston toward Perry, who waited, sneering, to hear what the fresh red-head would say.

However, Ralston said nothing. Instead, the instant he was within reach he let fly from his right hip and knocked the august Barnard Perry galleywest into a pile of "broke" ten feet away.

"Jim!" wailed Moss with wild sorrow, as Perry's heels went pointing toward heaven. "You hit the boss! You've fired yourself!"

Nonchalantly Jim watched Perry wriggling. "It was worth it. He can't make a monkey out of me, and he can't gum up my job!" he bawled above the noise.

Those final words, pealing in the prostrate magnate's ears, set the ice of his intelligence to cooling the heat of his rage. He was nowhere near out; his hard-boiled jaw was slammed too heartily each week around metropolitan gymnasiums for that. However, this man had dared to hit him in earnest! His first mad impulse was to fire him forthwith; one consideration kept him from leaping up to return the blow. He knew that Ralston could knock him down as often as he liked.

"He can't gum up my job!" Ralston was howling as Perry regained his feet. Those words restored his business sanity. Why, this fearless fellow was the man he had come to Temaskagee to find. Here were merged the heavy hand, the quick brain, for the salvation of this northern enterprise. In a quixotic way had Ralston proved his right to knighthood.

But, even while his decision formed, the vengeful depths of his mind looked to the future. This fellow had knocked him down before these grinning gawks. But he needed him—now. Very well; he would take him up unto a high mountain and show him the glories of the world; he would confer upon him gold and power. But never would he forget that blow he had invited; and when the time was ripe he would cast the man down to despair and oblivion!

Not in an instant could he quell his fury; first he must find surcease by visiting it upon that mild and spineless wonder, Milton Moss. To him he strode, while he sneered evilly.

"You're fired!" he bawled. "You've been waiting for it with your hat in your hand; now you've got it! Go take a rest in the old men's home!"

He turned to Ralston, forcing a smile that was belied by the glints in his eyes. "You're hired!" he bassooned.

The eyes of Ralston, already startled at the pronouncement of Moss's fate, widened the more. "Hired—for what?"

"Listen, Ralston, I like your style! Nobody can gum up *your* job! You'd as soon knock down the boss as Ba'tiste. I need a he-man at Temaskagee. You're the new superintendent!"

Hypocritically he put out his hand. Ralston stared at him, wondering; then his look swung to where stood Milton Moss; broken, humiliated, shuddering with abasement under Perry's vulgar lash. Perhaps in that moment a warning instinct whispered to him that a

man who would gum up another man's job would some day gum up his life; but above that whisper there fairly roared another consideration that was selfless. For Don Quixote still rides in the world, a fool that God-loves, throwing himself ferociously against the windmills of cynicism and selfishness and error.

Disregarding the outstretched hand, Ralston scowled while his face grew like freckled iron as the machines thundered and the steam wavered around perspiring bodies; and he cried aloud above the noise:

"'New superintendent,' eh? Yes, I am—like hell!"

"What do you mean?" demanded the astounded magnate.

Then Red Ralston, regal in his tattered breeches and nothing else, took a barefooted step toward Perry, who stood transfixed with outstretched hand. With furious words he broke the royal sword of honor and flung the cutting steel fragments full in the king's quivering face.

"I mean I'm Milt Moss's friend! Does *that* mean anything to you, you cheap bum? He taught me all I know; I came up here with him from the States; do you think you can kick me up over his head now? I've got the low-down on you, you poor stiff! A man who would talk to another as you did to him would squeeze a sucker like a lemon and throw away the rind! You may be one hell of a splash on Wall Street in watered stock, but to me you don't look like anything but what I can lick any day in the week! 'New super,' eh? Where do you get that stuff? Be yourself, bum; on your way!"

He whirled to Moss. "Come on, Milt, let things slide here. Let this guy sweat. They want a couple of machine tenders in the Royal Mills at the Junction. Let's go!"

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

YEOMEN F.—Reunion at Rittenhouse Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 8, of all girls who served in U. S. Navy. Address Anna Perry, 4841 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia.

CO. A, 104TH ENGINEERS (29TH DIV.)—Reunion banquet at Berwick Hotel, Newark, N. J., Jan. 31. Other companies of 104th Engineers cordially invited. Address Edwin W. Gould, 35 Coeyman St., Newark.

328TH F. A.—Second annual reunion planned for June, 1925. Address Adjutant, 328th F. A. Veterans' Assn., 209 Elm St., Grand Rapids, Mich., or C. N. Carlton, 717 N. Pine St., Lansing, Mich.

HQ. CO. 23D ENGINEERS—Cock-eyed Club, composed of members of this unit who were at Camp Meade, Md., in Dec., 1917, asked to get in touch with Fulton Pace, State Highway Commission, Scotland Neck, N. C., for purpose of completing roster.

MED. DET., 148TH INF.—Members of this outfit are asked to communicate with Roster Committee, 870 Reibold Bldg., Dayton, O.

89TH DIVISION—Former members are requested to send present addresses to War Society, 89th Div., in order that they may be advised of 1925 reunion to be held in Omaha at time of Legion National Convention. Address Kenneth G. Irons, Secy., 414 New York Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BRITANNY LEAVE AREA—Former members, permanent personnel and members of the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross staffs are asked to send their addresses to permanent secretary so that notices may be sent of reunion at National Convention of American Legion in Omaha in 1925. Address Clifford Powell, 401 Reed St., Red Oak, Ia.

Divisional Histories Available

Through The Legion Book Service

The Divisional Histories listed below can be procured through The Legion Book Service.

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Complete Official History of the First Division with map supplement. Price, \$5.00.

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Authentic History of the 4th Division by Col. Bach, former chief of staff. Price, \$2.00.

5th Division

Official. A complete record of the Division's activities from Camp Logan through the Meuse-Argonne and home again. Well illustrated, many maps, 423 pages. Price, \$6.00.

26th Division

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27th Division

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29th Division

History of the 29th Division. Official. Complete rosters 240 illustrations, maps, et cetera, 493 pages. Price, \$5.00.

33rd Division

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35th Division

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36th Division

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77th Division

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78th Division

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Chronometry

"I'm fast," the little flapper said,
As her wrist watch she eyed.
"I'm slow," said he, consulting his.
"You're right," said she, and sighed.
—D. D.

Lamentation

"This country is going to the dogs!" roared the statesman. "The Constitution means nothing to the people! Our great nation will be consumed by the red fire of Bolshevism!"
"So you got licked for Congress, eh?" remarked the common citizen.

Too Honest

Six-year-old Billie found a pocketbook and made haste to return it to its owner.
"You're an honest lad," the latter told him, magnanimously. "Here, I'll give you a dime."
"Aw, you don't hafta," replied Billie, turning away. "I kept a quarter out."

You Know the Kind

North: "Jones is a self-made man."
West: "And he always wants to talk shop."

Tut, Tut!

Preacher: "And he smote them hip and thigh!"
Deacon (absently): "Smash anything?"

Shock

"How dare you come in at this time of night?" began Mrs. Peckmore, as she met her husband at the head of the stairs. "I suppose you have a good excuse, as usual?"
"No, my dear," replied Mr. Peckmore. Then, as he had hoped, she fainted, and he went to bed.

Mayor, 25c; Dog Catcher, 5c

First Loafer (who has received a cigar): "What's he runnin' fer?"
Second Loafer (sniffing it): "I got a cold. I can't decide."

A Mad World

"How was it you got all mixed up?" asked Mrs. Santa Claus, as her husband returned with the confession his trip had been a fizzle.

"I had a fine collection of gin flasks, hair clippers and cigarettes to deliver," mourned Santa, "and I didn't know whether to put them in the socks or stockings."

Keep Moving

Dance Hall Manager: "Hey, you two! You gotta stop dancing on that spot. You're beginning to wear through."

Zingo! Yamba! Wux!

Crawford: "So you can't understand why your boy in college flunked in all the foreign languages?"

Crabshaw: "No, it's a mystery to me. He picked up all the college yells in no time."

Some Restraint Needed

"Now," began the scenario writer, timidly, "I'd like actors in my picture who can behave like ladies and gentlemen."

"Nossir!" snorted the director. "It ud never get by the censors!"

Naughty, Naughty!

High-brow Hubby: "Have you seen your quondam friend, Gertrude, of late?"

Low-brow Wifey: "None of your quondam business, and I'd thank you not to speak of my friends that way."

Bad Case

A man went to see his physician for advice as to how to be cured of the habit of snoring.

"Does your snoring disturb your wife?" asked the M. D.

"Does it disturb my wife?" echoed the patient. "Why, doc, it disturbs the whole congregation."

Paul Revere, Modern Style

One if by land,
Two if by sea,
And three if they come
By the air, b' gce!

—J. P. R.

Incurable

"Dey ain' no jestic no mo'," mourned Rufus to a friend. "Sam, ah's a sick man. Guess ah's gwine die, suah. Ah goes to de doctah, an' he says mah veins am too close. Says ah got very-close veins. An' de oney help fo' me, he says, am to eat chicken brof free times a day, an' stay in nights. An', Sam, dat jes' kain't be done!"

Correct This Sentence

Marriage is a gambol.

Mixed Ads

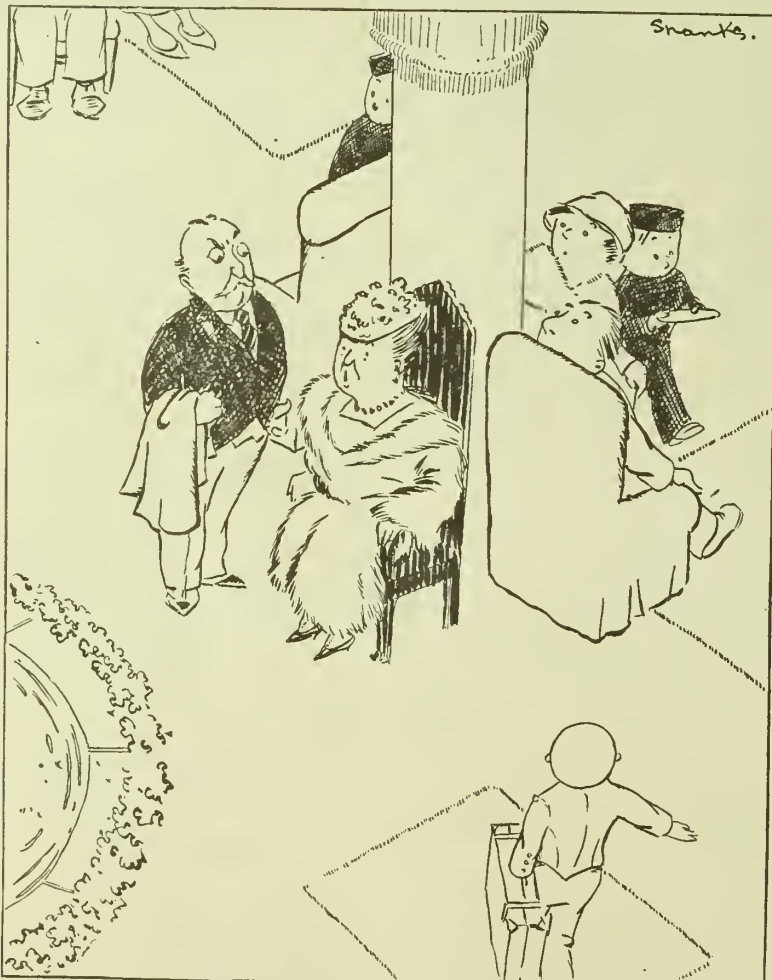
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"Madam, would you mind getting up for a moment? I can't bear to leave without taking one more look at my poor hat."

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